

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. II., NO. 15

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, OCT. 13, 1926

TEN CENTS

THE TURTLE



Gravure en camaïen By Jessie Arms Botke

Schmitz, Great Pianist, Coming

ROBERT SCHMITZ, one of the two great French pianists of the day, will give a recital in Carmel on Friday evening, October 22, at the Theatre of the Golden Bough under the auspices of the Peninsula Philharmonic Society and the Carmel Parent-Teacher Association.

Schmitz ranks with Cortot among the great artists at the piano and his coming to Carmel is considered a decided contribution to the pleasure of music lovers on the peninsula.

Wherein We Are Stung By a Book Agent

FEW of the celebrities of Carmel, including Holman Day, Fred Bechdolt, Perry Newberry and, even The Cymbal, are bemoaning the appearance in our midst some weeks ago of an oily-voiced individual who represented an encyclopedia publishing concern. The gentleman used the name "International", and if he did not state that he was representing the well-known publication, he readily gave that impression.

And he didn't want to sell it to those mentioned above. He wanted to give it to them—asking only that they pay five dollars a year for ten years for up-to-date supplements. The victims signed on the dotted line for the supplements. Those who had a burst of acumen—the victims wish to consider it only temporary acumen—such as Robert Welles Ritchie, John Kenneth Turner and James Hopper—accepted the gift, but delayed signing until they saw the volumes. They have never received the volumes, but the victims have, and the books are not at all what the oily-voiced gentleman said they would be.

There is now much wrath, refusal to pay the fifty-odd dollars, either in installments or outright, and the Holst Publishing company of Boone, Iowa, is writing stereotyped letters to about a dozen Carmel persons who were "presented" with the "encyclopedias" and repudiate them. The letters have reached the point of dire threats of suits, but it is promised any representative of the concern who sticks his head over the Carmel hill that it will be shot full of rhetorical lead, and there will be no charge of so much a word—he'll get the output for nothing.

REAL ESTATERS ARE UPON US

MORE than 1500 delegates to the twenty-second annual convention of the California Real Estate Association are on the Monterey peninsula today, ready for the formal roll call of the convention at Hotel Del Monte this morning.

Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel are vying for honors in entertaining the visitors and Ray DeYoe and E. H. Tickle are particularly busy in welcoming the delegates and showing them their own particular bits of the country on this side of the Carmel hill.

President Harry H. Culver of the association will bring down his gavel today for the opening business sessions which will continue until next Saturday when the delegates will give themselves over to play.

MARSHAL LOOKING FOR PERSON WHO CUT RIDING HORSE'S TAIL

Bettie Greene, owner of popular stables of riding horses in Carmel, has appealed to Marshal Gus Englund to apprehend the person who maliciously cut off the tail of Judy, her black mare. The tail of the horse was cropped some time yesterday while the horse was in pasture, and when the perpetrator is caught he will be punished according to the law.

Masons To Stage Minstrel Show

WHAT it is hoped will in some way compensate for the absence these past two years on the Carmel Follies will be offered by the Carmel Masonic club sometime in November when a minstrel show of the real old-fashioned variety will be staged at the Arts and Crafts theater.

Frank Sheridan, assisted by D. L. Staniford and Charles Van Riper, are formulating the plans for the affair and with this combination the Masons believe they will be sponsors for a hilarious program.

NEW GOLF COURSE PLANNED IN CYPRESS POINT DISTRICT

Another country club on the Monterey Peninsula is in the planning, according to Harrison Godwin of the Del Monte Properties Company. It will be located in Cypress Point district on the Seventeen-Mile drive and the organization will have the name of the Cypress Point Golf Club.

On the completion of the course, which will be started in the early spring and finished within two years, the Monterey Peninsula will have four golf courses, all owned by the Del Monte Properties Company—at Del Monte, Pebble Beach, Moss Beach and Cypress Point.

CARMEL: THEATRE NIGHT

By CHARLES McMORRIS PURDY

WE ARE before the fire. The wind, drowsing in the pines, hums down the chimney, blowing the smoke in little eddies out into the room, curling up over the lip of the fireplace, a grey, sensuous tongue licking rough red chops. The wind, the pines, the deep, moonless night laden with redeeming silver pinpoints, the occasional blurr of road-curious motors in the distance, these form the physical scene which penetrates into our conscious being, twisting our awareness into comfortable security. A vagrant, wistful-voiced cat peers with electric eyes through the door panes and begs admittance. The door opens, a night-black bundle of friendly rumbles twists about our chair legs, paws meditatively a pillow, and, taking welcome for granted, leaps onto one's sprawled middle and stretches out, cat fashion, supreme in content, untouchable in vanity, claws prodding rhythmically one's chest, yellow eyes warm with firelight observing other eyes with inscrutable approbation.

We three, silent with unsaid thoughts, lured into placid acceptance of life by the seductive mood of the fire and the external rhapsody of the night, nod a little, mutually. There is warth here, a candle glowing, the soft, mild aroma of grey cigarette smoke, an intense feeling of quiet, a sort of spiritual loveliness brooding over the little house in the pines.

The world is a desert island, and we are a moonlit sea touching its shores. We retreat, and the island pursues with wet sands; but even with its inescapable proximity, the human crowdedness is withdrawn, the wet, shining sands of the uncovered isle are a muted barrier across which the earth sounds come but dimly.

The tide is on the flow now, rushing back with pretended enthusiasm towards the world. In the little house, the silence is broken by whirring coughs of a clock, choking asthmatically in eight organic convulsions. The cat withdraws proudly, with a certain inborn disdain of the human race, withdraws with dignity, as if to cover an impending exit at the hands of others. The fire snaps angrily as it is poked apart; the little house is desolate, tinged with an unseen fragrance of tobacco smoke.

Pine-ridden lanes beneath an open sky. The surf beating distantly with white-gloved hands, applauding the stars. Glow of winking lights on the dusty level of the road, warm hums of voices, roadbound, nightwary.

This, the island of the world, redeemed by the tide of pines, from the outer sea. And on this tide, jetsam of our moments of inner beauty of a little before, we drift rapidly back, shaking off our unspeakably intimate emotions like gulls rising from the surface of the sea.

Lights and people. An entrance, chan-

nel-like through which the incoming tide races furiously, a babel of shrill voices, laughter, democratic confusion. On the crest of the waves, into the world of reality, through the portals, and back again into another, stranger world of unreality, lit by unseen lights, an exotic isle within an isle, the world of theatre.

Here in the stilled chamber of the muse, the lights blot out, the curtains are drawn, the highly colored mirror of our foibles winks back at us with cynical leer: Well, here you are. Do you like yourselves? If you don't, it's your own fault. Poor fools!

The mirror is blurred with the hot breath of life; the images obscure, and the theatre black again. The waiting night claims its own, covers them gently with the cloak of beauty, draws them to its friendly hearth of stars.

The roads settle and are still. The little house in the pines wakens, blinks into yellowness. The vagrant cat, watchful in the bushes, ventures a soft black paw towards the light, throaty with anticipation. The door open, closes.

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Prominent Citizens of Carmel

Number Thirteen

DO YOU know Bobbie? Of course you do or you never walk up Ocean avenue and meet Elliot Durham meandering around during the noon hour. Bobby is a most prominent member of Carmel society, an aristocrat in spite of



(Photo by Slevin)

his bobbed tail. Yes, sad to say, he has one disastrous idiosyncrasy; his mother (probably in a fit of strange animal love) bit the end of his tail off in his infancy and Bobby is disqualified for dog shows. He leaves the professional appearance to his brother, who was judged the best German police dog on the Pacific Coast at the Del Monte Kennel club show last Spring. Bobby's mother belongs to Mrs. Dobbins in Monterey and his father was born in the Belgian trenches and brought to this country by an American nurse who was serving in the Belgian army.

Bob is not only intelligent; he is blessed with a distinct personality. There is hauteur in his attitude and a gentle tolerance of humanity in his bearing that bespeak the adept in the art of conversation and he can talk! One is impressed with the feeling that he has lived life and found it amusing at times; that he has secrets . . . profound ones in the depths of his wuzzy head and that life taken seriously is not all it is cracked up to be. Does he get these ideas from his master? We wonder. He won't tell, of course; he is extremely secretive about the family. He looks at Master Metz and smiles wryly at his uplifted arm, snorts knowingly and leaps over with a slightly bored air. His precocity is monstrous.

Then Master Metz places a wad of paper on his nose and after a little moral suasion and a quiet "One, two, three—come on now", he will toss it in the air and nonchalantly catch it between his teeth. He will fetch you anything in the hardware store from a stove to teddy bear, although he has a distinct aversion to the latter. It is beneath his dignity and if his master condescends to pet and play with it he is filled with contempt and condemnation. That seems to be the only flaw in his character . . . a terrific jealousy . . . but then who wouldn't be jealous of Metz—he of the eloquent vitality and dynamic stage deportment. And does Durham like his dog? Offer him Hatton Fields in exchange and see what he'll say.

Adventures in Eating Out

Number Seventeen

DO YOU, every once in a while, have a sudden hunger for Chinese food? It strikes us that way, and then we go and seek out the little Canton Restaurant over in Monterey (we don't even know the name of the street, but it's parallel to Alvarado and two blocks north of it, not far from the bay) and order chow min and fried rice. Having given our order to the little quiet, shy Chinese girl with black bangs and her hair in a thick braid down her back, we settle ourselves to wait patiently for our dinner to come. You mustn't be in a hurry there because it takes time to prepare Chinese delicacies. There are several ways to spend the interval, however, in that little bare room with its white walls brightly lighted by electricity and, hanging high above your head where you glimpse them only by chance, its baskets of artificial flowers. You may drop a nickel into the slot which lets loose the flood of loud and cheerful music from that fearful and wonderful monster, the orchestrion. Or, if quieter pastimes appeal to you, use your nickel to better advantage in the exciting game of chance offered by the instrument in the corner which looks like a cash register. You are quite likely to win more metal disks, each worth five cents, than you know what to do with—on the other hand, they are as quickly and easily lost again! But quite the most absorbing way to spend the waiting period is watching the solemn Chinese baby seated at the high counter. He is left to his own devices, with only casual attention from the little waitress, and he amuses himself taking papers from envelopes and putting them back in again, an endless game which he pursues almost without pause. You wonder why nobody worries about the possibility of his tumbling off that high perch, but after watching him absorbed in his game for half an hour, you realize that his parents' confidence in his stability is well founded. . . . Finally, in comes your dinner, the heaping plate of chow min piled over its foundation of crisp noodles, and the bowl of fried rice

with its bits of tender pork scattered through the fluffy, perfectly cooked grains. It is hard to serve from these generously filled dishes onto your own plate without spilling some, but nobody cares, and you eat with fork, spoon or chopsticks, according to your individual desires. It tastes delicious any way, and the main thing is to eat and enjoy it while it's hot and savory!

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PERSONAL MENTION

KATHERINE EDSON is remembered here as one of the dancers in the Junipero Serra pageant two years ago. In a recent issue of the rotogravure section of the New York Times she is pictured above the caption: "From California to Paris via Arizona: Katherine Edson of San Francisco wearing a Hopi Indian costume in which she will appear at her European debut next month in Paris."

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn H. Korndorff have arrived from New York and are occupying the deForrest cottage on Alta and Dolores in Carmel Woods.

Mrs. John S. Ball and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. George M. Ball, were in Carmel for the week-end. They attended the performances of "Hay Fever" at the Arts and Crafts Theater.

Tal and Winsor Josselyn were in San Francisco this week. They attended a number of plays, including "The Green Hat". Tal announced that he was disappointed in it.

Mrs. Agnes L. Purdy and her son, Charles have taken the Mary Austin house on Monte Verde street for a month.

Mrs. E. L. Griffith and Miss Pauline Coppee were in Carmel for a short visit. They expect to return for part of the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith of Santa Barbara are in their Carmel home for a few weeks.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal and Professor Vladimir Moravek left last Thursday for Northfork, from whence they made a trip on horseback up into the Sierras. They returned to Carmel yesterday.

Mrs. Kitty Wilkinson gave a bridge tea at the Peninsula Country Club in honor of Mrs. Parker Wilson, Mrs. Wesley Davidson and Miss Caroline Davidson. Among the guests were the Mesdames Jesse Lynch Williams, Valentine Porter, Robert Welles Ritchie, Kissam Johnson, Jack Orcutt, Ray Woodward, Rhoda Johnson, Ralph Todd, Eliot Coburn, Robert Stanton, Tad Stinson, P. N. A. Smith, Hilda Argo, Louise Walcott, A. Drasel, Yodee Remsen, and the Misses Louise Prince, Katharine Cooke, Sally Maxwell, Gladys Vander Roest and Helen Judson.

The Misses Maude and Alice Snow have gone to Fresno but will be back in Carmel for the winter. They will occupy the Arnott house.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wright gave a luncheon at Kay's Saturday for Captain and Mrs. J. S. Robinson who are leaving

shortly for Honolulu where Captain Robinson is stationed.

Miss Blanche Tolmie and Mrs. Gertrude Warfield have returned to Carmel after a short visit in Piedmont.

Mrs. Maude S. Hogle returned from Oakland where she has been staying for three or four months. She is again in her home on Lincoln street.

Mrs. Frederick Dutton entertained at bridge Friday night. The guests were Mrs. Kissam Johnson, Miss M. Woolsey and Mr. Frank Woolsey.

Miss Mae Harris Anson entertained the cast of "Hay Fever" at the Arts and Crafts Theater Thursday night after dress rehearsal. The entertainment was in the form of a Spaghetti Party.

Mrs. W. T. Beatty has returned from abroad and is again in her home in Pebble Beach.

Charles S. Fuller and Harold Arner, newly arrived in Carmel, are working in the Robert Stanton real estate office.

Mr. Edward A. Howard of the Price Water House Company of Los Angeles is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton. He will be in Carmel two weeks.

Mrs. Edward Gerhard Kuster visited San Francisco over the week-end and took in "The Green Hat" and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes".

Miss Ellen O'Sullivan returned to her home on Santa Lucia Wednesday after a month's absence.

Miss Kissam Johnson left Friday for a week-end at Stanford with Miss Helen Nelson. She attended Gordon Davis' production of "Aren't We All".

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDuffie were in Carmel last week-end in their house on San Antonio. They have returned to their home in Berkeley.

Mrs. J. M. Gray and Miss Caroline Waterman drove up to Santa Cruz for a few days.

STANTONS AND MRS. E. P. YOUNG IN NEW REAL ESTATE COMPANY

Robert Stanton, Mrs. Robert Stanton and Mrs. Elizabeth P. Young, Mrs. Stanton's mother, are officers in the newly-organized Monterey Peninsula Realty Company, which has opened offices in the San Carlos hotel building in Monterey. Associated with them is Benjamin F. Wright, former mayor of Monterey; Olin J. Cope, former president of the Harbor Construction company of Wilmington; Miss Jean Stewart and Ralph Todd.

OWEN MAY FOUND DEAD

Owen May, son of Mrs. Mary May and sister of Mrs. Ray DeYoe of Carmel, was found dead in a house owned by his mother at Seventh avenue and Casanova street Monday morning.

May had dined at the DeYoe home Sunday evening and after taking his mother to their home had left with the announced intention of going to Monterey. His automobile was seen in front of the house at Seventh and Casanova on Monday morning and the lights in the house were burning. Investigation disclosed the body. Physicians declared that May had been dead several hours when found. He was fifty-five years old and a widower.

JEMIMA IS LOST! If you find a black dog—a very black, short-haired dog—wearing a fancy collar, that's Jemima. Please call Carmel 279 with the news.

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CARMEL^{THE} CYMBAL

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CHARLES, MCMORRIS PURDY whose "Carmel: Theatre Night" appears in this issue of The Cymbal, is a Columbia University man who during the past three years has been rather globe-trotting with his mother, Mrs. Agnes Lillian Purdy. They have taken a home in Carmel for the winter. Mr. Purdy has had considerable experience in critical work on New York newspapers and is a contributor to American magazines. In next week's issue of The Cymbal Mr. Purdy leaps to a defense of the American movie and is a bit caustic toward those of us who prefer the foreign films, or say we do. Between the lines of this very good contribution to our columns you will notice that it is the author's opinion that we juse "say we do". He considers it somewhat of an affectation on our part. But Purdy has a foundation for his opinions. As he briefly relates, in what he terms a "beside the point" paragraph, he directed a scene of a foreign "movie" in Vienna not so very long ago.

YOU MAY NOT know it, but there's a perceptible degree of levity in the attitude of the country at large regarding Aimee's most serious visit to Carmel last May. Some wag says our town should be re-dubbed "Aimee's Bluff". And, displaying a most uncouth sense of humor, a certain Ocean avenue real estate broker is at work on a song entitled: "Aimee and Ormie Were Lovers".

It has been noted in The Cymbal that there is a friendly agitation in Carmel for a municipal tennis court. This newspaper heartily endorses the movement and humbly offers suggestions which might further it—we might say, vicariously, because they have been suggested to us by one of those interested in furthering the desire of the tennis devotees. It has long been known that city trustees of Carmel have laid covetous eyes on the public playground on Ocean avenue be-

tween Mission and Junipero streets as a site for an inevitable city hall. Under the terms of the negotiation through which that property was acquired, no such use of it can be made. But, if the people were provided with an adequate site for a playground in some other section of the city, a section that, in fact, would be more adaptable for a playground, it is pretty safe to assume that the people would consider voting to turn the Ocean avenue property over for the site of a municipal structure. All of which is a bit beside the point of this comment on a possible municipal tennis court except that it has been suggested that such a court be provided on a part of the Ocean avenue playground block. But a better and cheaper and more appropriate site for the said tennis courts would be the sand dunes. These belong to the city and can never be used for other than park purposes. But a tennis court is a natural part of a municipal parking system—that is, when the park area is of such extent that it will jermite such recreation facilities without destroying a general parking plan. The sand dunes may not be as big as Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, but they are large enough to permit the es-

a court is as great as it appears to be at present, provide a caretaker, net repairs and general supervision. Why not give the matter a concerted consideration?

IT WAS in either the first or the second issue of The Cymbal last May that we braved the Olympian heights here on the peninsula and had the audacity to criticize the Del Monte Properties company for maintaining a sign on the highway which deluded the unwary motorist and turned him off the paved road through the wilderness of Carmel Woods in his efforts to reach our town. We were told by friends that we had killed The Cymbal 'a bornin' by this temerity; that one could not criticize the Del Monte Properties company and exist on Monterey Peninsula. We are still alive and, in fact, fair on the road to adolescence. We have stilled the high pulsation resultant from our kindly friend's terrifying prophecy. And we are emboldened again to express our objection to the sign which lies so flagrantly in large letters when it says: "DIRECT ROAD TO CARMEL" at the entrance to the Del Monte Properties Company's Carmel Woods residence tract. It is a spirit of human sympathy that moves



tablishment of tennis courts somewhere on them without crowding the birds and the flowers, if birds and flowers are to be. A good, that is, a satisfactory, tennis court, with a permanent hard surface, probably of concrete, would cost, we are informed, about \$1,500. It seems a big sum for a tennis court, but when you figure the grading, the concrete laying, the backstop wire stretchinb and so forth, you can easily, if not gladly, bring the figure up to that amount. But this, or twice this, would not be a great deal for the city to put into a court, or two courts—not with the assessments raised so neatly and recently by the trustees. The maintenance would be another thing, and The Cymbal believes that this should be done by an organization of the tennis players. They could easily, if their enthusiasm for

us. During the past three weeks we have seen at least half a dozen automobiles come to a stop at that intersection and waver between the apparently kindly direction on the sign and the paved highway which it points away from. The divinity of the Del Monte Properties company probably precludes acceptance of mortal suggestion, but a photograph of that sign and an appeal sent to the California State Automobile Association might result in the erection of a yellow sign at that point on the highway that would correctly direct the stranger who desires to enter our gates for the purpose of looking at Aimee's bungalow or, mayhap, the Mission. Anyway, we'll wager a bit of cash that nobody is going to buy a lot in a section that resembles a first-class

(Turn to Page Fifteen)

THE LETTERS OF HEWLETT TELL HIS STORY

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

THE LETTERS of Maurice Hewlett, recently published with an introduction by Edward Hewlett, will be welcomed by those who for years have kept on their book shelves well-used copies of "The Forest Lovers", "The Life and Death of Richard Yea and Nay" or "Earthwork Out of Tuscany".

An incurable romantic, one of the few who have perfectly discriminated between sentiment and sentimentality, he was so closely in touch with the spirit of the earth that most of his work was warm and genuine. His most endearing quality is perhaps his flame-like shining mind. Moments of high beauty break constantly from the quick inspirational contacts he made with nature. To him the gods were still alive, the trees had their dryads, the hills their orads, the rivers and streams their nymphs.

In "The Lore of Proserpine" he tells of his first real experience with the tremendous themes of the old Greeks. It came to him, strange to say, in a class-room, that place too seldom visited by any spirit of inspiration. "I remember even now the thrill with which I heard my form-master translate for us the prayer with which the Phaedrus closes: 'Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place'."

Beloved Pan! My knowledge of Pan was of the vaguest, and yet more than once or twice did I utter that prayer wandering alone the playing field, or watching the evening mist roll down the Thames valley and blot up the elm trees, thick and white, clinging to the day like a fleece. The third Iliad again I have never forgotten, nor the twenty-fourth, nor the picture of the two gods, like vulture birds watching the battle from the dead tree. Nor, again, do I ever fail to recapture the beat of the heart with which I apprehended some of Homer's phrases: "Sandy Pylos", Argos 'the pasture land of horses', or "Clear-seen" Ithaca."

Hewlett's whole life was a series of just such awakenings. The circle of his awareness grew ever wider under the guidance of the subliminal self which he always considered a prisoner "occasionally on parole". This was the self he valued above all others and it was just this that kept him spontaneous in all his writing and free from the stilted considerations of literary style. In one of the letters he says: "It seems to me that the whole business lies in the success with which an author remains an apateur—that's the difference between the writer and the painter—able to preserve his simplicity, his sense of wonder and magic, the delight he has in the wagging of his pen and the zest with which he will explore the recesses of his own head."

As a child Maurice Hewlett was timid

and reserved. He was the eldest of a large family and the life of the group was so foreign to his nature that he became a solitary—fond of his books and of the woods and fields. Such a child is almost forced by home and school, and later by the world, to retire more and more within himself because of lack of understanding. It was not a lonely life, however, for he made his own companions. "Thus I lived a thronged and busy life, a secret life, full of terror, triumph, wonder, frantic enterprise, a noble and gallant figure among my peers, while to my parents, brothers and sisters I was an incalculable, fitful creature, often lethargic and often in the sulks."

It is in the letters of such a man that the hidden self is most clearly revealed. The sincerity and fineness of his character can only be known by his intimate writing and Laurence Binyon, who has edited this volume, has made a selection which exhibits his strong qualities as well as his most sensitive ones. It is a record of his triumphs and his heart-breaks, a picture of the wonder-loving, restless tenant of an earthly frame.

For the Fairy Tale Age

A NEW OLD FAVORITE in a new dress—that is the new edition of "Tales of Laughter", the old standard collection of fairy tales edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.



Doubleday, Page, the publishers, have selected the best stories from the old edition, and these include "The Golden Key", "The Rats and their Son-in-Law", "The Three Wishes", "The Booby", "The Months", "The Stone in the Cock's Head", "The Fox and the Cat", "The Straw Ox", and "The Disappointed Bear".

Charming illustrations for this volume have been drawn by Elizabeth Mackinstry of which the dreamy-eyed little girl shown here and the anything-but-dreamy-eyed

cat are delightful samples. There are in all eight full-page illustrations in color and more than a hundred small drawings.



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ON THE DISCOVERY OF HENRY COWELL

PROFESSOR Lewis M. Terman, head of the department of psychology at Stanford University and well known to many Carmel people, is the subject of an interesting article in the current issue of the American Magazine by Albert Edward Wiggam called "How Smart Are Your Children?" Professor Terman was one of the first psychologists to realize the immense significance of the Binet intelligence tests, and for many years he has worked on this problem of measuring the mental ages of children and adults. He revised the Binet method to the point where it can be used with remarkable results. As Professor Terman himself says, "Any one of my senior students can now measure a child's mind better, and predict its future with far more certainty in one hour than all the psychologists in the world put together could do in six months twenty years ago."

The article deals in most interesting detail with some of the chief tests used by Professor Terman and his assistants in their work on bright children. A group of 978 "gifted" children were selected from the public schools, and several groups of "average" children for comparison.

In speaking of exceptionally gifted children, Professor Terman mentioned the case of Henry Cowell, the composer, who is at present giving a series of lectures in Carmel on modern music.

One good instance of the value of mental tests in picking out genius is that of Henry Cowell. When I ran on to him, some fifteen years ago, he was a boy of about twelve. He had never gone to school, and was living out near here in the country, where he was weeding people's lawns and acting as janitor in the little local school. He had read text books on botany, and even at that age, without any schooling, he probably knew more about California wild flowers than any botanist in the district. He was debating whether to become a musician or a plant breeder.

The boy was whistling all the time and improvising music, although ignorant of the laws of harmony. He was supporting his mother and himself on about fifteen dollars a month, and out of that he managed to buy a piano on the instalment plan. I tested Henry, and found his intelligence rating above 140. His mother was an able woman who had published two novels.

I told Professor Seward here in the university about him, and he said, "If he is that kind of boy he ought to have his chance". So the credit for starting Henry belongs to Professor Seward and not to me. He inter-

ested a number of people, and Henry was thus given a musical education. Today he is a musical composer of note, although, I believe, his compositions and methods of piano playing have been subjects of much debate among musical critics. But no one doubts that he possesses great musical talent or that he also possesses high intelligence.

Here was a case where our mental tests pointed to a boy's real talent, and gave a true genius a chance.

Not only the exceptional child, but every child should be mentally tested, I think, and all the aids of modern psychology placed at the service of the child and its parents, to enable it to make the most of itself in the world.

AFTERWARDS

By Theodora Gay Flanner
(Printed in Nash's Magazine, London)

WHEN you have ceased to love me,
I would be
Where I can never see the flame
Of poppy fields,
Nor hear your name
That steals
Through west winds,
And the sigh of pines.

When you have ceased to love me,
I would be
Where moonlit seas are hidden
From my eyes,
Lest all unbidden
Should arise
Your sweet vision—
And the moon's derision.

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COURT OF THE
GOLDEN BOUGH

CARMEL

ADVENTURES IN EATING IN

THE GREAT SUN had done its duty day. The crust of the earth was warmed. The surface of the water was warmed. The flowers and the people were warmed, and now it turned from the brilliance of the day to the dull warm glow of twilight. The bewitching hour of mealtime approached.

Sister had set the table; not because she wanted to: she had her choice; set the table or get a spanking. The knives, forks and spoons were neatly arranged according to custom or according to system; this on the left, that on the right. And the napkins. They used to have rings for them. Rings of silver, rings of ivory, rings of aluminum and sea shell.

without dinner as far as she was concerned. The argument could have closed gracefully at this point but it was the chief topic of conversation between brother and sister until father heard enough. Then mean words turned to mean looks.

Junior grabbed a spoon and was about to devour his soup when mother noticed that he had not washed his hands. "Don't eat another mouthful until you have washed your hands," commanded mother. Junior was in the habit of arguing this but. It was always a fruitless waste of breath for him. Tonight father was astonished to see him rise immediately without a word and go to the wash basin. Son washed them. At least, he rinsed

other. Rarely did she eat her vegetables. With certain magnificence she was preparing the way for pernicious anemia later in life. But then delicacy is delicacy even in the home.

Father wolfed his portion with a certain restraint bred from years of experience attempting to hide his true nature behind a thin mask of elegance. The thin mask wasn't penetrated by the children. Once in a while sister cast disapproving looks at him but dared not speak, for father was an authority on many subjects and she feared derision from her young brother.

Mother was beyond question in deportment at the table. Her conscience did at one time bother her when she sat down without removing her apron. This was done so often now that this act was entered into the category of honest custom.

The meal finished after Junior was refused his third plate of dessert. Father leans back and puffs on a cigar. Mother and sister rise with one accord, dishes in hand, to clear the table.

Junior made himself ready to wipe dishes. He had a choice. Wipe the dishes or get a thrashing. —B. B.



"Junior ate in an extremely natural manner."

They were passe. At least, mother read that napkin rings were no longer in use in the best circles here or in Europe. Father didn't give a damn. Sister knew all the napkins by heart. Junior's looked as if he had mistaken his shoes for his mouth. Father's came next. Mother's and sister's were tie. That wasn't fair to sister though because mother ate so many times in her apron that she didn't have to use her napkin so much.

Dinner was finally served. "Call Junior," said mother to sister. Sister called. She called and called. She went in the street and called. She went to her neighbors and called. She returned. There was brother sitting at the table. He had heard her the first time and had entered the house through the rear as sister went out the front. An argument followed. It wasn't enough that he was here. Sister said that that was the last time she would ever call him and that he could go

them and wiped the dirt on the towel.

Junior returned; finished his soup with certain finality. Tipped the plate and scraped the last drop from the bottom with a vehement rhythm. It was the fundamental rhythm of the primitive. He never missed a beat in any course and accelerated continually with a grand and brilliant closing. The climax was at the end. In brief, Junior ate in extremely natural manner. Nothing cramped his style.

Sister ate demurely. Her movements were actuated by years of tradition. She slipped now and then on an elemental custom bringing great mortification to herself. She would never make it evident that she was hungry. Hunger was vulgar. She never finished her soup, never ate the lettuce of her salad. She toyed with her meat and potatoes, moving them from one side of her plate to the

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A Page of Verse by Gladys Vander Roest

THE AIR is full of sounds
Strange murmurings
The breath of the earth is warm
Seething . . . it flings itself far up
Above a city's noise
The breath is stale and old
Dry and warm
Perhaps we will crash into a new universe
I feel something approaching
It comes nearer
A flash of a new world
Whish! . . . and the air is cold
And my head hums

What was it
That passed me suddenly
Turning me cold with fear
A death? . . . a birth?
Something pertaining to life

In the mistiness of my mind
A little truth is born
I go into the street
With a new love of life
There is something more than sorrow and
madness
There is a satiety of both

THERE ARE windows in the moon
Black spots of crystal
Have you seen them
Have you looked through them
They grow wider as you near them
And their sleek black surface
Makes you cold
Those windows
They are wider than you think
For millions of people look through them
And see the city of God
And they grow wan with fear
Their eyes grow dim and lifeless
Trembling fingers twine
White lips flutter and gasp
Eyeballs 'whiten' gleamingly
Soft throats tighten
Become blue cords
Convulsed
And one by one
They drop away
And their gray souls
Pass through those hard black windows
To their God.

A BOAT rocked on the waves
Free under the noonday sun
Warm on the cold sea
And pulsing with fish
Why should I see it just then?
I don't know
But who can cheat me out of life now?

THERE is a new star tonight
I have discovered
It is all blood red with joy
Frustrating itself in glory
Breaking into small bits
The atmosphere around
It is a new star
My star

And I will cherish it as my own
For no other sees it
With my eyes
It is a new star
A new world
A new love of life
It is remote.

WHENCE comes this strange feeling
I must be floating in mid air
My mind is numb
And things pass by me
All unseen
I must be mad
What desolation
I could drive mules over the stars
I could kill God . . . the holy thing!
And yet I am a human being
Living on this earth
Ha! I could do all these things.

THERE IS a small life moulded
On a mountain top
In a tall tree
A wondrous life
Resting
In a warm cage
Under the soft feathers
A small life that will soar
How high
Above the clouds
And some day see the stars
And sing
As you and I
Sit on the pebbles
Sipping lukewarm coffee
Wondering.

THE SAND glitters
Screamingly in my eyes
And I have a wish to carry on
What . . . Life
The sky is blue
And cold
And blesses me
And the white clouds whisper
Go on . . . live your life
And a boat passes
Empty and happy
Warm . . . light
White . . . smooth
Saying
Yes. . . live life
And I scratch my fingers
Deep into the sand
And find it wet
And I have no wish
To live my life.

IF on some night
There was a sudden break
Across the sky
And bloodred words were seen
And small heads grew

From the trunks of trees
With leering lips
And leaves for hair
And people stood upon a mountain
Pointing wet fingers
At the moon
If God appeared
Tottering
Upon the edge of a cloud
Flinging insults
Here and there
What would you do?

A SMILE was thrown
Into a room
The strangest smile
In the world
One suddenly wrought up
For the occasion
And yet
It made me feel a brother
To suffering
And a silent sympathizer
With those who love apple pie.

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HEYWOOD BROUN ON KIPLING

By HEYWOOD BROUN
(In the New York World)

EVERY NOW AND THEN Rudyard Kipling says something snooty about America, and whenever he does surprise and indignation are expressed in this country. I don't see just cause for either emotion. Certainly by now we should have steeled ourselves to the fact that Mr. Kipling does not like us. Moreover, why should we not allow him that privilege?

Many citizens of the world have contended that Americans, like Irishmen, are an acquired taste. No one will deny that in this broad land there reside many people who are neither good nor charming. Possibly it has been Mr. Kipling's

the privilege of making faces at us if that happens to please him.

But in one respect Rudyard Kipling has sinned, though not against us. As Edward Hope pointed out in the Tribune yesterday, the tragic and terrible thing is not that he took a punch at America but that he did it so badly. If these more recent stanzas of Kipling had the old hilt I would cheer and add a tiger at the roll and music as he slashed us. Dislike has inspired some magnificent literature in its day, but Kipling's distaste for America merely tinkles. Editorials have been written here to point out that his charges are unfair. That is not worth arguing about. The sentiments don't matter. The poetry is terrible.

I do not think, even so, that his name is likely to become a hissing in our byways. Let him rip and tear us through stodgy stanzas. He is the man who brought us Mowgli.

M. POINCARÉ REMEMBERS

"The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré", have been translated by Sir George Arthur, and are being published by Doubleday, Page and Company. This volume covers M. Poincaré's public life as far as 1912 and will be followed by a second volume that deals with the War and post-War history until the close of his ministry in 1923.

Before, during, and after the war, M. Poincaré, as President of the French Republic, was intimately informed of every event, political and military. Allied generals and ministers came and went, rose and fell; he alone remained the constant witness of everything that preceded and sprang from the Great War. And he records his knowledge with a pen at once fluent and biting.

The ex-President has entrusted the translation of his book to the distinguished English historian, Sir George Arthur, who has adhered closely to the original text, but by consent of the author has substituted occasionally, for passages more especially of French interest, paragraphs dealing with contemporary occurrences of greater interest for English-speaking readers.

misfortune to meet only such Americans as come from the bottom of the basket. But this is to quibble. Let us suppose he knows and has had close contacts with our noblest and best and even so cannot abide the men and women of this Nation.

May I still inquire, what does it matter?

Some have said that it shows base ingratitude on Kipling's part to speak ill of anything over here, because this is the land where the largest portion of his royalties has been gathered. With this point of view I have no sympathy. Kipling owes us nothing because we have bought and read many of his books. None of us sought out "Kim" or the Jungle Books as a personal favor to the author. The transaction was all in favor of the reader. For \$2 or thereabouts he purchased tales valuable beyond price.

I have no notion what income Mr Kipling may have derived from the sale of all his works in this country, but whatever the amount it is not enough. He owes us nothing. We are under no obligation to like the man because we have been entranced by his books, but he has earned



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A picturization of a scene in Robinson Jeffers' poem "Tamar" as conceived by the New York artist, Alexander King, an exhibition of whose work is being held in the offices of Boni & Liveright, publishers of "Roan Stallion".

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES; THE PLAY

SO POPULAR has been the hilarious "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" by Anita Loos that we, in common with a multitude of other readers, have wondered what would happen when the story was put on the stage. We pass along to you, therefore, in case you haven't seen it, the entertaining review of the play's appearance on Broadway, written by the New York World critic, Alexander Woollcott:

The captious might tell you that the new comedy called "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" spends an unconscionable time in getting under way and that several hours might be spared out of its long third act without irreparable loss to drama in America. But the sum total of hilarity in the piece is enormous and the Times Square Theatre, fairly bursting with

audience last evening, literally boomed with laughter. In these unseemly demonstrations—even over and above them from time to time—grieved neighbors could detect the reluctant guffaw of your correspondent.

This new play—only the fourth to arrive in town this week, and here it is Wednesday—is, of course, the long and sceptically awaited stage version of that minor American masterpiece tossed off a year or so ago by the surprised Anita Loos. Now she and John Emerson have made this into a play which has been audible in the offing these many months, as the local seismographs reported from time to time its impact with this or that outlying community on its route to New York.

Arriving finally, it proved to be

a direct, unswerving, and generally satisfactory dramatization. I am not sure how much is gained and how much is lost by a prior familiarity with the book. I can only guess at the startled delight we should have experienced last evening had the predatory Lorelei and the sardonic Dorothy come suddenly into our ken for the first time.

The stage version introduces the golden-haired, wide-eyed bandit en route for Europe at the expense of the far-off Mr. Eisman. It concerns itself with the fair Lorelei's efforts to extract at one and the same time a tiara out of the unpromising Sir Francis Beekman and a proposal out of the positively discouraging Mr. Spofford of Philadelphia. The resulting fun reaches its peak in that fine caricature when the two French lawyers come in pursuit of the tiara in the Ritz in Paris—an episode played with immense spirit and bringing down the house.

The play has been generously and for the most part happily cast by Edgar Selwyn. For Lorelei herself, roaming a man's world with simple earnestness in quest of gold, the choice of June Walker was a stroke of genius. Gentlemen, and even theatrical managers, may prefer blondes, but when an actress was needed for this easily destructible role they had to get a decided brunette—an unshakably convinced brunette. The blonde wig which now folds so ingratiatingly over Miss Walker's own dusky hair is not, by a long shot, the only transformation involved. She emerges unrecognizable in all ways—her voice, her walk, her very poise fashioned anew for this occasion. I was never more impressed by her considerable resourcefulness as an actress of parts. She seems, incidentally, to have caught the very spirit of Ralph Barton's notable drawings for Miss Loos's story. Indeed, all the players appear to have studied Mr. Barton and managed, somehow, to catch their likeness. Happiest among the strokes of casting, I think, were the summoning of Edna Hibbard as Dorothy (an inevitable choice), G. P. Huntley as Sir Francis Beekman (vastly amusing), Georges Romain and Adrian Rosley as Robber and Louis, and Arthur Ross as Gus Eisman. As Mr. Spofford, I found Frank Morgan just a wee bit trying.

It would be rank infidelity to a delightful book to suggest for one moment that this play at the Times Square is half so good a job as the "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" which Anita Loos wrote for the printed page, but, if it could avoid such a comparison, it might be set down as a more than commonly jolly entertainment.

'HAY FEVER' WAS AWFULLY FUNNY

By W. K. B.

IF a producer pleases one playwright in a season he is batting pretty nearly one thousand. George Ball and Rhoda and Richard Johnson can go back to "Children of the Moon" for their laurels this season. "Hay Fever" is the offering of the Arts and Crafts theater the past weekend, would not have gotten much of a cheer out of Noel Coward. But the stage setting was delightful, the play itself screamingly funny and the devotees of the Arts and Crafts theater were pleased and satisfied that they had received a fair return for their one dollar each.

One need never have seen "Hay Fever" previously produced, or even have read the book, to realize that George Ball's willing and conscientious just didn't put it over as Coward visualized the thing before the footlights. The talented hand of the playwright showed through in every humorous incident, but it was accentuated against a background of insufficiency on the part of the local cast.

It is perhaps unchivalrous, but necessary, to throw the burden of insufficiency on a woman, but Eleanor Watson most effectively failed to further the ends of the playwright, principally because it was on her role that Coward bore down the hardest. Around Judith Bliss the play should have revolved and Judith was not quite equal to the demands upon her. She was to have been a riproaring center of things, if you'll pardon the exaggeration, and the entire atmosphere of the play should have deferred to her. It is not severe criticism to assert that Mrs. Watson did not measure up—she was appointed a difficult role to measure up to. But I hasten to say that at the piano she accomplished more than Coward could have expected—it was a rare delight to hear her sing.

As for the balance of the cast, they were all a bit too determined about it all. There was an apparent over-emphasis in their efforts. Out of them I would pick Marian Todd as the most pleasing; her character work was exceptionally well done. One thought of Blanche Bates in "Candida". Sally Maxwell as the dumb-bell flapper was also well cast, which is an apparent inference I don't intend. As Miss Maxwell would probably say: "I'm not really as dumb as I look."

And would it please Helen Judson for me to relate my opinion that she has the most beautiful speaking voice on the Monterey peninsula? I am not so sure but that considerably more territory than that could be included in the area.



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A Book To Make You Forget Things

HERE is a boook which will lift you out of the rut of your daily routine and make you forget there are dishes to be washed or gardens to be watered (I speak locally, of course, for at this season of the year, I believe, gardens are watered more assiduously and necessarily in California than in New York). As a general thing, I do not seek out historical novels. When I started "The Red Confessor" by Nathan Gallizier (published by L. C. Page and Co.) I was entirely neutral, never having read any of Mr. Gallizier's list of books. But before I finished the first chapter I was absorbed in the story—which is described in the subtitle as "The Adventures of Guido, Lord of Fiorano and of his Friend and Patron, Benvenuto Cellini". I became more and more absorbed as I read on. I thought that it would end all right—and I wanted it to—but there were situations which had me worried, and I was forced to keep on reading to see how poor, who certainly had more than his due share of misfortune, could possibly be extricated from them. Cellini was most ingenious in rescuing him, however, from the most impossible dungeons, and only just enough fatalities occurred to give the story reality and plausibility.

The action takes place in Rome during the reign of the Farnese Pope Paul III, and in addition to the really thrilling adventures which the principals of the plot go through, there is beautiful description of the Eternal City, with all the richness and glamor of those stirring times. The descriptions are never too long to interfere with the swift moving of the narrative, just enough to convey the atmosphere of the city at that period. Another thing which inevitably adds to the vividness and reality of this book is the humanness of the characters. They are not just stock types, villain, hero and heroine, but characters with individuality. Cellini is pictured as the boastful yet delightful adventurer he revealed himself to be in his immortal autobiography. Pier Luigi is indeed a deep-dyed villain of the blackest hue, but he has realty nevertheless and following his machinations proves a breathless chase full of mixed fascination and horror. In Angela and Guido also Gallizier has given us characters whose reaction to their surroundings and difficulties are adventures and experiences that take place with vivid rapidity right to the end of the book.

—D. C.

THE WEEK-END OFFERINGS AT THE GOLDEN BOUGH

Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous mystery stage success "The Bat" will be seen in its screen version as released by United Artists, at the Theatre of the Golden Bough next Friday and Saturday.

"The Bat" started flood of mystery plays but critics agree that the pioneer thrill-provoker, which is still a perennial favorite on the stage, out-thrills them all.

There is an all-star cast of principals including Jewell Carmen, Jack Pickford and Louise Fazenda.

"Variety", Paramount's latest effort to entertain a bored, blasé world, is coming to the Golden Bough next Sunday and Monday. Filmed in Germany, it has achieved fame throughout Europe and America. Most notable in the cast are Emil Jannings, star of "The Last Laugh", and Lya De Putti. Direction, photography and acting have all been the object of intense enthusiasm as shown by the public and critics of three continents.

"HAY FEVER" TO HAVE RETURN ENGAGEMENT FOR REALTORS

The contribution of the Arts and Crafts theater to the entertainment of the delegates to the California Real Estate Association convention now in full swing at Del Monte Hotel will be a special performance of "Hay Fever" Friday afternoon of this week. The matinee is barred to the public generally as it is expected that the real estate men will require the seating capacity of the theater.

CARMEL ART GALLERY

Many interesting studies are included in this month's hanging at the Carmel Art Gallery. "Cypress and Silver Sea" by M. De Neale Morgan is attracting much attention. Cornelis Botke's "The Golden Hour", C. Chapel Judson's "The Duet", a charming bit of Belgium scenery, Ferdinand Burgdorff's "Venus", Harold Knott's "Sea Foam", Jessie Arms Botke's "The Swans", Elizabeth Strong's "From Hilltop Point Lobos"; a study of wild buckwheat and blue sea, Myron Oliver's "Blossoming May", and George Koch's "Morning Surf" are among the exhibits. At the re-hanging William Silva has substituted a study of "Morning, Carmel Bay", in place of his "Magnolia Gardens on the Aynslie".

Included in the smaller pictures are three attractive water colors by Miss H. C. Brown, Allan Cram's black and white, and three small oil paintings by May Fenn.

NEW BOOKS IN CARMEL LIBRARY OCTOBER 1926

The Blue Window.....	Bailey
Derik in Mesa Verde.....	Nusbaum
Fairy Gold.....	Compton Mackenzie
Gleave Mystery.....	Louis Tracy
Father's Gone a'Whaling.....	Gardiner
The Dancing Floor.....	Buchan
Labels.....	A. Hamilton Gibbs
The Blue Castle.....	Montgomery
Pig Iron.....	C. G. Norris
The Man Nobody Knows.....	Barton
The Way of the Panther.....	
Why We Behave Like Human Beings.....	Dorsey
The Painted Room.....	Wilson
The Big Mogul.....	Lincoln
Beau Sabreur.....	Wren
Bar-20 Rides Again.....	Mulford

TRAIN SCHEDULES

Leaving Monterey

6:29 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)
9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.
10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)
3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.
6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.
Arriving at Monterey
7:55 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.
11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.
6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.
8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.
9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

CARMEL BUSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.
Leave Monterey 8:20 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

STATE BUSES

Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.
For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 4 p.m. (Sundays—9 a.m., 1 p.m., 5 p.m.)

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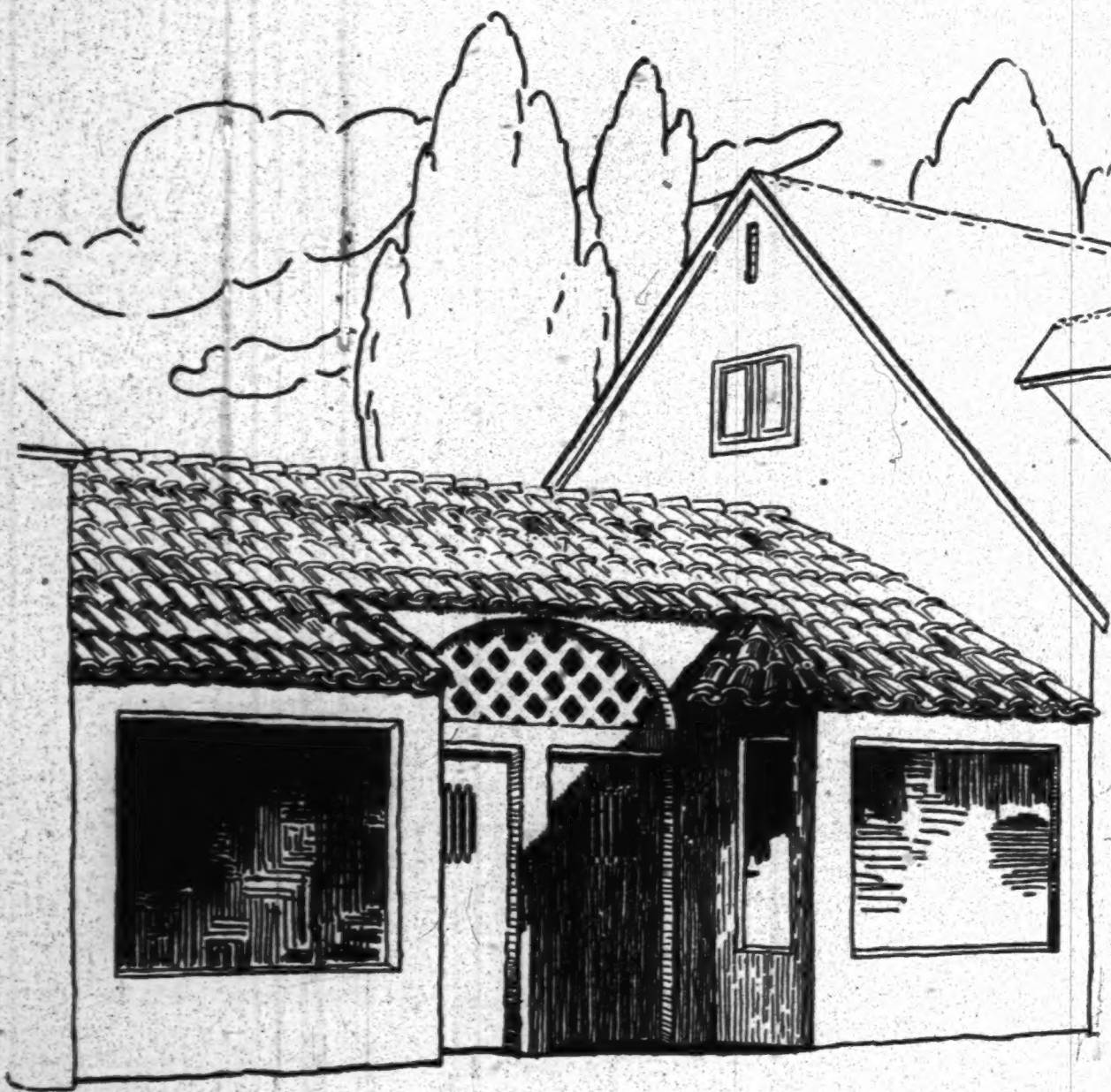
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The new Percy Parkes Building, now under construction on Dolores street across from the post office, will look like this when completed next month.

An Appreciation of Stanley Wood

By BLANCHE C. MATTHIAS
(In the Chicago News Art World)

ONE OF THE OLDER ARTISTS in the Monterey colony sent a brotherly message the other day to young Stanley Wood, who is teaching a summer class in Carmel. It suggested that young Stanley Wood needed a rest. "Haven't got time," Wood sent back word, "too much work to do."

He grinned a moment afterward. It wasn't a smile or a semi-anything else. It was just a grin.

That word "rest" had the effect of producing its mental memory opposite. He had slipped back into remembering the war. There had been no time then to rest. He had been among the first to go across, and the last to return. He came out safely except for a strange hurt look in his eyes. The grin wasn't exactly mirthful. Rather it was sharply edged with the realization that one has only the present in which to work. The future might never come, and the past was fraught with much which might better be forgotten. Besides he had a wife who

believed in him, and two babies with sturdy little bodies. Greater than duty even, greater certainly than pleasure there was another thing. The urge to paint was in him. He had to paint, and there was no way out of that. So he sent back word "Haven't time enough."

Like Mussolini and some few million Wood is a speedster. He lives and works at top speed. This may be one reason why he selects water color as a medium. He likes to see the color flow quickly across the paper. He likes the clarity and cleanness, and the quickly achieved results. The ability to direct a ruthless critical faculty towards his own work, in combination with an almost trance-like quality of observation, and a high degree of sensitivity give Wood a powerful group of what might be called Behaviorisms.

Being disinclined to fool even himself, he paints nature as a mysterious, and sometimes fantastic problem. Mountains are ominous and violent upheavals, twisted into purple humps, or swirling downward as though prepared to crush even their own atoms. He seems to suspect palm

trees as alien and to accuse them in pungent color of violent treasons toward life and growth. Friendly Nature is always less friendly when translated through the unafraid eyes of poet or painter.

Wood is more on home ground when he paints man-made subjects. Moss-covered roofs lose their shame when he turns their decrepitudes into character lines. He weaves lovely patterns from telegraph wires, and modern steel buildings seem dedicated temples constructed solely to glorify the strength and beauty of mass. An architect's training received at Drexel stands him in good stead, and gives certainty to his technical skill.

It was suggested last year in New York that Burchfield and Wood had a common distant ancestor. There appears to be a kinship as a matter of fact, which either might be proud to claim. I judge it to be a point of resemblance which springs from no man or woman predecessor but rather from a fitness to belong to the group of pioneers who are on their way to make permanent company in the American school.

There are very few water colorists of any moment in America, but among them Wood already has an assured place. He is a fearless experimenter in color with a natural dislike for muddiness. Sincerity is apparent in every painting which he allows to leave his studio. Circus tents, sharks, telephone wires, oil tanks are among his particular topics. Humans are rarely included unless they are caught up by a background of deeper importance.

At present this young artist is better known in San Francisco, where he lives, and in New York, where he has been exhibited by Babcock several times and successfully reviewed by the critics, than in other parts of the country. But doubtless an exhibition of this vital and interesting work will soon be on the way to Chicago.

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(Continued from Page Five)
maze when it comes to finding a road out of it that leads to Carmel.

AND SPEAKING of Aimee we have just gone through the unutterable agony of reading her life story entitled "This Is That"—attempting to read would be more correct, for if any one can wade through, word by word, letter by letter, that nauseatingly factitious drivel they are possessed of more time, patience and tolerance than we have at our command. The book, abominably written, childishy constructed, idiotically conceived, brands the woman as a charlatan as nothing she has said or done could do. It reeks with darky camp-meeting emotionalism to the n-th. degree of imbecility. It speaks commercialism on every page. Its absurdities in the direct communications between God and this golden-haired emotionalist out-Moses the discoverer of the Ten Commandments on Sinai. He never approached the holy men of the Bible closer than through the medium of a burning bush or a cloud. He is considerably more intimate with Aimee. She says that "the name Corona came to me over and over again and at last I decided that the Lord was answering my prayer for a typewriter, but discovered that it was a call from the town of Corona in New York" where the people desired she should hold a revival meeting. The makers of the Remington and the Underwood should demand to know how Aimee got the idea that the Lord delivers only Coronas when somebody prays for a typewriter. Throughout this silly book of this pandering evangelist the Lord is declared to be hanging around at most every hour of the day ready to do her bidding. To read Aimee Semple McPherson she had a corner on his company and his services. The book is jammed with reports of her revival meetings, her "triumphant tours" across the country in which she brought innumerable souls to redemption. We were reminded of an occurrence in the city of Oakland several years ago when Billy Sunday was riding the crest of the wave of popular emotionalism. Albert W. Palmer, then minister of the Plymouth Congregational church, was asked to join with other ministers in the city to pay the expenses of bringing the red-hot, rip-roaring evangelist to Oakland. Dr. Palmer refused. He was told that Billy Sunday was bringing thousands into the churches, driving thousands to acceptance of Christian faith. Dr. Palmer replied that he had long been wondering how many thousands Billy Sunday was driving out of the churches and away from an acceptance of the Christian faith. If God has any discrimination at all he isn't flattered by the weak-minded people Aimee McPherson drags to the mercy seat and he is undoubtedly annoyed at the sensible ones she drives away from it. "God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform", but it's incredible that Aimee McPherson holds any commission from him.

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HAVE you all too frequently attended a picture and been disgusted by the asinine sub-titles that served only to clutter up the film and block the smooth action of the story? Bromidic sub-titles, obvious sub-titles; sub-titles packing a little moral or oozing sentimentality. At such times one is inclined to feel that he himself could produce an infinitely better set of sub-titles. And he undoubtedly could.

But once in a long while hasn't your faith in the picture art as it may some day be, been partially renewed by the pithy, right-to-the-point and never-too-frequent sub-titles to a perhaps not otherwise notable picture? And if the film itself is good, the combination of first-class acting and direction, plus intelligent sub-titles has been a happy one.

You are invited to come and try your hand at sub-titling "Honor Thy Wife", the imported Danish film now showing at the Golden Bough. It is in itself a fine piece of art with such smoothness of action that few titles are needed. Before it can be released generally in America, however, some are necessary, and you are asked to submit as complete a list as you choose.

The best all-round set will be awarded \$50. Undoubtedly, in the general assembling of the picture for release, the titles will be chosen from a number of the lists submitted. So—if you can think of one or two—or a dozen titles—hand them in. If you have made a happy list, some of them at least will be incorporated into "Honor Thy Wife" and you will have helped to make a set of titles worthy of a very fine picture.

—R. P.

REM REMSEN AND STAN WOOD WRITE FROM ARIZONA DESERT

A letter from Rem Remsen, who is on the Arizona desert at Polacca with Stan Wood, congratulates The Cymbal on the reproduction two weeks ago of his oil painting of Robinson Jeffers, and says in part:

"Stan and I had some rough driving to get to the first mesa, but after we had rented a Hopi Indian hut, and got broken in to the life here, everything went fine.

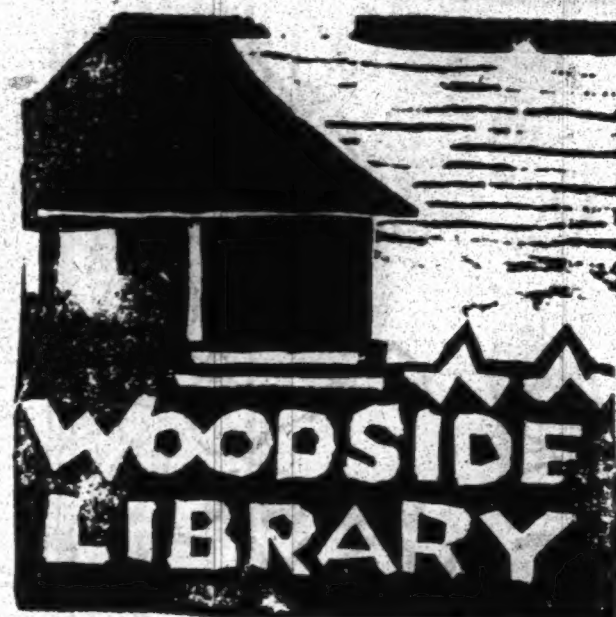
"We don't get much to eat and Carmel water would taste like pre-war stuff alongside of what we have to drink. But we are getting a lot of work done—most of it in the historic pueblo of Hulpai (pronounced Walpi) where they held the snake dance.

"We will remain here if the weather continues favorable, until about the eighteenth of this month.

"Of course, no one has seen a beard in Arizona for the past forty years, so we are quite a curiosity, and bring tears to the eyes of the old timers who remember the West as it was before it got into the moving pictures."

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